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A Good Story.

THE COQUETTE'S PUNISHMENT.

BY MARY W. JANVAIN.

CHAPTER I.

"So Mattie Archer's wedding comes off to-morrow night?"

The speaker, a fashionably attired young man, had thrown himself carelessly into a comfortable office chair, and sat slightly humming an opera air, tapping an accompaniment on his polished "Wellington" with the tiniest of all dandy canes; while the one addressed, a young man of slight and graceful figure, with a high, pale forehead and clear grey eyes, sat leaning over a table strewn with papers tied with red tape, and huge quaggers filled with the lore of Coke and Blackstone.

The latter made no reply, but gave a quick nervous start, slightly contracted his arched eye-brows, then bent over his books again—and his companion continued.

"Well, this Hunter's a lucky dog! It'll be a splendid affair—the wedding—they say. Of course you'll be there, Paul?"

"No," replied Paul Denning, moodily, without raising his eyes.

"No?" Not at Mattie Archer's wedding? Why I'm astonished!"

"So it would seem," returned Denning drily.

"But, Paul, I don't understand it. Why, what's come over you, man? Haven't been slighted in the invites, have you?"

"No, I received an invitation card full three days ago."

"And do not accept it?"

"No."

"And why? If I'm not too inquisitive, if you're not present, people will be apt to say, 'Denning hasn't forgotten old scores yet.' Better go."

"Old scores!" pray what do you mean by that, Nelson? asked Denning, sharply, but carelessly twirling his pencil-case about his finger as if to appear indifferent.

"Why," returned Nelson, with a smile, "that one Paul Denning, Esq., a rising young lawyer, was the belle's favored suitor, until, one day, this Hunter, just returned from California with his pile, appeared on the stage of action—and then—"

"And then," broke in Paul Denning, nervously biting his lip, "then the belle politely disposed with the attentions of the poor lawyer in order to receive those of the millionaire—in plain English, dismissed me. That's it, I believe!"

"Yes, just so," said Nelson. "You've summed up the case with the ease and skill of an old practitioner. The world gave the same verdict."

"Denning's eye kindled, and his cheek flushed, partly with shame, partly with anger.

"I wish I could say the world lies!" he replied, with spirit.

"Then you don't deny the soft impeachment?" queried Nelson, joking.

"I deny nothing," retorted Paul, angrily. "I made myself a fool, as scores have done before me, for a coquette's smiles. But, thank heaven, I'm free now. The stars are broken—her fascinations are over—and now I almost wonder where the lure was!"

"Perhaps you're not alone in that, Paul! We discarded lovers are apt to feel blue at first, but after a little the divinity who flitted us gets hurled from the lofty pedestal she occupies in our hearts, and becomes, to us, wonderfully like other mortals. Paul, they're all alike—these women! Just give 'em the chance and they'll cut the best feller in the world, be he poor, for a richer one. For an elegant establishment, handsome turnout, a box at the opera, jewels, and 'love of bonnets,' they'll sell themselves bodily. Talk about our free born American wives! They're no better than Cossack slaves, half of 'em—there's this difference, the one is sold, the other sells herself!"

And Paul Nelson, himself the veriest dandy that walked Broadway, after delivering this famous tirade against the gentler sex, leaned his chair back against the wall with a wonderful comical expression of gravity and wisdom on his face.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed the young lawyer, smiling, "you overshoot the mark, Nelson. Because this fashionable city belle, Miss Archer, loves wealth and the luxuries it will bring her too well to share the lot of a poor professional man who has yet his name and fortune to win, it does not follow that all her sex are awayed by such mercenary motives. I have more faith in woman than to believe that!"

very dear to him in olden days," Mary said.

"Well, well, we won't quarrel—they aren't worth it. Oh, frailty, thy name is woman!" said Nelson, with good humored composure; and went on, "The question's of Mattie Archer's wedding. Now here am I, who at one time, even as yourself, was dancing attendance upon the lady; and yet, because she didn't choose to have her name engraved on my wedding card, I shall not refuse to go and see her render some other man—miserable! Better lay aside all pique, Paul, and accompany me—kiss the bride, and then come away thankful you're not noosed," urged Nelson.

"No, thank you," replied Denning, coldly. "It is not pique I feel—but I don't care to go. Besides, I leave the city to-morrow morning, to pay a visit to my New England home; thus I have the best of reasons for declining."

"Ah! that's it, then? You're off? But have you heard," said Nelson, as he rose, "that old Archer can hardly keep above board—has met with heavy losses of late—and people think the fair Mattie had this in view in securing her wealthy husband?"

"Yes, I did hear something of the kind. Heaven send her happiness! Her chances for it are small enough though, if she sold herself for gold."

Denning's words and tones were strangely at variance—the one full of deep feeling, the other of scorn; while his lip curled with contempt, then quivered as with repressed emotion.

Nelson's hand was on the door.

"Then you're off in the morning, Paul, and if anybody asks me of you I shall say business or pleasure called you away!"

"Yes, anything, either. I have already sent 'regrets' to the bride elect. Good morning!"

Hardly had Nelson quitted the office, before Denning sprang up, locked the door; and then free from all intrusion, a rapid change came over him.

He nervously paced the floor—the color came and went upon his cheek—and he bit his lips till the blood came.

"Fool, false fool that I am, despite my boasts of freedom, to think of her thus! Fickle, false coquette, that she is!—but yet," he continued, after a brief pause, "and yet why should I, who am myself so unworthy, call her false? and drawing from his vest a little locket which encased a sweet pictured face and a tress of nut brown hair, he tenderly kissed it, and murmured, 'Poor Mary!'"

Hours passed—the struggle was over; and when Paul Denning, slightly pale but calm, sought his lodgings that night he had rooted out from his heart every vestige of the brief, wild love he had cherished for the brilliant and beautiful Mattie Archer.

It was a large and elegant party which, on the morrow's eve, met in the mansion of the merchant prince, Mr. Archer. To witness the nuptials of his daughter with the wealthy Robert Hunter; but the young lawyer, Paul Denning, was not of the number. In the home of his boyhood, in a pleasant New England village—at the old hearth stone, beside his mother's chair, with brothers and sisters around him—he was sojourn his heart for the wound which it had so lately experienced.

And it was not known among the guests of that brilliant bridal party what a weary heart beat under the peerless bride's satin and orange flowers; and how could they foresee the visions which would come to mock her in her luxurious home—visions of lost happiness following her everywhere like haunting spectres!

CHAPTER II.

Paul Denning carried with him to his boyhood home a heart sick and weary.

He had wildly loved the beautiful and fascinating Mattie Archer; and the city belle, who counted her admirers by the name of "legion," had turned, for a time from them all—and, awaking to a heart forlorn for better things than the idle butterfly life she was leading, had, in her encouragement of the young lawyer, been true to her better nature.

But it was for a brief season only. The life she had led had made Miss Archer too much of a coquette to receive exclusively for a length of time any man's attentions; other lovers must share her smiles; her better impulses were banished; and the old Denning better than any other, on earth, yet her coquetry at times almost drove him mad with jealousy.

Matters stood thus when a new suitor—the wealthy Mr. Hunter—just returned from the El Dorado of modern adventures—appeared in society, and strove to win the fair belle. And the show and glitter of his almost fabulous wealth, his gay equipage, the dazzle of the jewels he could bestow upon her, and, still more, the command of her father, who stood on the verge of ruin, that she should bring him a son-in-law whose wealth would

most effectually avert the impending crisis in his mercantile affairs—all these blinded her to the fact that she did not bestow one particle of love where she promised her hand.

Not until, in his desperation, Paul Denning sought her presence and demanded her love, did she awake. Then the struggle was wild and bitter; and yet, were she free again, she would not become his, for he was poor! Her proud, worldly heart conquered; but her lips were white, which said,

"Paul Denning, I am Mr. Hunter's promised wife. We have been friends—let us remain so still. I would not have our friendship broken."

With a bitter and proud retort that she was 'free as air,' he flung off the white hand, which, sparkling with costly gems, was laid appealingly upon his arm, said huskily, "May the gold for which you sold yourself give you happiness!" and so they parted—he to his studies again, and she to superintend her bridal trousseau.

No one dreamed how in her bridal hour she took her marriage vows upon her white lips; while her accusing angel stood by her side and whispered,

"You have sold yourself to misery!" and her heart sanctioned it.

No one knew how much of suffering Paul Denning bore with him to the quietude of his country home, whither he had fled that he might not make one of the group that gathered with congratulations about the new made bride.

"It is enough! The spell is broken and you are free!" he had scornfully exclaimed, at that moment when she had discarded him; and those words were true.

Had Mattie Archer, ere she had taken her marriage vows upon her, repented and pleaded for his love again, he would have told her, and truly told, that he felt that love no longer. A feeling akin to scorn and pity for her who had proved herself so mercenary swayed him; but though his dream of love was over, his heart was aching yet, with that suffering which every one experiences when they become conscious that they have loved an unworthy object.

And then, heart sick and weary, his thoughts wandered back into the days of the past, where the bright sunlight of an earlier and purer affection flooded his whole being with a rosy light; the haunting gaze of tender eyes followed him reproachfully; and he knew that even as he had acted a falsehood, and wronged the trust of a gentle heart, he had been met and foiled with his own weapons, and the punishment which Mattie Archer's desertion had caused him was but just.

"Paul," said his favorite younger sister Lizzie, on the morning of the third day of his visit, "the Butlers give a party to-morrow night, and your worshipful presence is most respectfully solicited. I shall claim you for my exclusive escort."

"And so, in lieu of a more agreeable beau, my little Lizzie will accept the company of an old bachelor like me?" and he fondly stroked his pet sister's sunny curls.

"Yes, indeed—but I forgot to mention that you will meet there a certain lady who may slightly shake your bachelor sentiments. She is an old acquaintance—and one whom I shall not object in the least to receiving as a sister-in-law," said Lizzie, archly.

"An old acquaintance!—pray, who can she be?" queried Paul.

"Oh, never mind—I prefer to keep you in suspense! Meantime, coax your hair into curl, and trim your incipient mustache, for I want you to look your best on the occasion," she replied, teasingly.

"Nay—but Lizzie, I shall keep you prisoner here till you satisfy my curiosity," and Paul shut the door and stood with his back against it.

"Well, then," and Lizzie pouted—"open the door and I'll tell you. You have probably heard of little Mary Derwent?" and she bounded away.

A red flush tinged Denning's cheek and even dyed his forehead, and he walked the floor in agitation.

"Mary Derwent?" he murmured; but why had that name power to move him thus, but that its owner had been or still was very dear to him?

"Oh, don't look so horror-stricken, sir lawyer," said Lizzie, pausing, her curly head through the half open door, "just as if we didn't know all about your flirtations with this Miss Poole. You recollect Kate Butler used to visit at Hanover, and of course she heard all about your 'college divinity,' and brought home the news. Of course you've corresponded with her ever since, and intend soon to make her Mrs. Paul Denning, Esquire!"

With a light laugh the mischievous little witch was gone.

"And who is Mary Derwent?" he heard asked.

Well, good reader mine, she was a gentle, blue-eyed, brown-haired girl—not beautiful by any means, but very pretty, graceful, and lovable withal—whom he had met in his old days of college life at Hanover—and where he had learned other lessons than those his Alma Mater

taught, and conned a sweeter book—woman's heart.

In those days there had been many a May-day ramble through the forests, to gather bouquets of the pale pink and white arbutus, purple foxglove and pale anemone—many a long walk, after a long day's study, beneath the delicious summer moonlight—many a stroll in the autumn woods, when

"Ere in the Northern gale
The summer tresses of the trees are gone,
The woods of Autumn all around our vale,
Have put their glory on"—

There had been many a tender pressure of the hand, perchance a stolen kiss, at the gate of her father's house; and a new light sparkled in the gentle Mary's blue eyes, and a richer bloom tinted her delicate cheek those days, for she was taking her first degree in that heart-love which every woman at some future period of her life, acquires.

Time passed, and Paul Denning graduated. There was a long walk that started August evening; and though no love vows were uttered, they were implied in the long, lingering, tender farewells; and Mary went to her blissful dreams, and he to the eager world strife.

Three years went by, and they had met but twice during that time—once at her home, and once at the house of a mutual friend where Mary visited, in the city where he was pursuing his profession, but a correspondence and kept alive the old regard.

When they parted in the city—Mary to return to her country home. Paul had seized an opportunity to whisper tenderly, "In spring, Mary, I shall have completed my profession and established myself—in spring I shall see you again—then—"

But, though the sentence was unfinished, the loving and trusting girl's heart understood what remained unsaid. And happy dreams came to her as she laid her head upon her pillow that night. And how were those dreams fulfilled?

Alas, for Paul Denning's vows! The meek-eyed spring came and passed—hot, panting summer died in the embrace of stalwart autumn—winter was born, grew old and hoary, and wove a shroud of snows to lie down and die in—and still he came not. Poor Mary Derwent!

All the while the faithful lover was basking in the smiles of the city belle, with never a thought for her who had so counted upon his words and promises—until in that hour when the new love, mocking, fled—and then his heart stretched forth its tendrils for the old.

And there where his gay sister left him Paul Denning stood long silent. Mary Derwent was near him—and they should, they must meet! And how? Would she neglect as she had been, receive him with the gentle regard of olden days? or, calling her wrongs to memory, would scorn him as she felt he deserved? His conscience whispered that he had acted ungenerously, unfairly, badly.

The morrow evening came; and in a crowded apartment they stood side by side. Mary Derwent was slightly pale, but there was no agitation in her manner; her hand trembled not as it met his; her voice wavered not as she greeted him; her blue veined eye-lid drooped not, and no blush dyed her cheek.

She neither avoided or sought his presence, and her whole demeanor was calm and composed; she betrayed no sign that they had ever met before, nor once referred to the past. He could not fathom it; he knew not that she had called her woman's pride to her aid, and her heart was forcing back the memories which, spite of herself, would rise before her.

The evening passed gayly—the party was over—Lizzie Denning, despite her brother's escort, had departed homeward with another favored cavalier—and Paul, lingering, found the opportunity he so desired, a minute's conversation with Mary Derwent alone in the hall.

All his love had revived tenfold; looking upon her delicate, gentle face, he wondered how he had ever permitted himself to bend at another shrine; and, by a bold stroke he resolved to win her.

"Mary, darling! you have not forgotten the old times?" he said, in a rapid and tender whisper as he stood beside her—and he passed his arm—carelessly around her, and would have touched her white forehead with his lips.

In an instant like a frightened fawn, but with tender emotions rippling all over her averted face, she sprang from his embrace.

"Mary, one kiss—I beseech!" he exclaimed, passionately.

"I cannot!" she replied.

"By the memory of our old friendship!"

"For that very reason I ought not!" she said, tremblingly.

"By our old love!" he pleaded.

"No! that could not have been love which was so easily transferred to another!" she replied, proudly.

Denning's cheek flushed.

"Listen, Mary. Have played the fool—the villain—but you alone are dear to me now. Hear me, I beseech of you. Your yore have been spoken to another too lately for me to bear them

now. Paul, Paul, I will not reproach you, but I cannot listen!" and in another instant he was alone.

CHAPTER III.

Five years had fled into the sea of eternity, and brought many changes on their wings. Paul Denning had attained eminence in his profession; in all the city there was no lawyer who made a better plea, whose counsel was more sought after among hundreds of legal practitioners.

And as yet he was unmarried; his profession was his only mistress. No woman's eye beamed for him—no lip lured or song charmed him—the blandishment of beauty had failed to captivate—and those last five years had been one unceasing struggle to forget!

Mattie Hunter was a widow. Her husband had met a sudden death in the third year of their marriage; and it cannot be supposed that he was very deeply mourned by her who had wedded him for his wealth. Still young and beautiful and fascinating as in the early days of her bellehood, after her period of mourning had expired, the gay widow took her old station as the acknowledged leader of fashion—and her luxurious home was the scene of many a brilliant gathering, where youth, beauty, and their train of attendant admirers met.

But to no one had those five vanished years brought greater changes than to Mary Derwent.

The timid, shrinking, unknown girl, had become metamorphosed into a stately, carressed and lauded authoress.

And she had grown very beautiful, withal; for her blue eyes had caught a deeper light, her cheek became tinted with the pink of the rare sea-shell, her broad brow singularly intellectual; all this had been wrought by the power of a rapidly developed genius—it was but the outward manifestation of that inward gift which was dowering her whole being with a new glory.

Beautiful thoughts irradiated her face; and all the sweet and hallowed influences which the soul of the gifted can create, dwelt with her and beautified her life.

Paul Denning had read her soul-fraught productions; had revelled in the glowing imagery her rainbow-draped fancy had woven into sketch and form; had, after many a long day devoted to the studies of his profession, again gathered up the memory of that old love, and bount his broken pearls around his aching heart.

And yet, since that hour when she had repulsed him, they had not met.

Mattie Hunter was free now. He met her often in society—they talked, sang, and danced together—the fair widow even sought his presence, and hesitated not to manifest great pleasure whenever he was by her side; yet vainly did she strive again to weave about his heart the meshes wherewith she had first entangled him. He was coldly polite—nothing more.

One day it was told him that Mary Derwent was in the city, near him. Everybody was lavishing praises on her; in society she was sought and carressed; her name was breathed by the literary world, and his own lips repeated it tenderly but sadly. But they were separated, how widely now!

Once again they met. It was in the crowded drawing-room of Mrs. Hunter's elegant mansion, for she never failed to gather at her brilliant soirees the choicest wits and dearest 'blues' of the literary—the fairest ladies and most gallant gentlemen of the beau monde.

They met, and were introduced as strangers; and the old time lover was but among the throng who listened, spell-bound, to the conversation of the gifted young authoress. No longer was she a shrinking diffident girl, but a self-possessed, refined, cultivated, though unassuming woman.

Though, since her first love-dream, no other had lighted her heart, her life had not been all cheerless; because that heart had been desolated she had not sat idly down with folded hands and said, "All is dark and drear in my future. I have no aims—no incentives for exertion." To her life had been real and earnest—she had wrought long and well in the mines of thought and imagination, and brought forth polished, shining gems, else never, thus in her early years, had the eager world caught them up, exclaiming, "Behold! they are real and of great value!" never thus had the power of her genius been acknowledged. There had been no idle days for little Mary Derwent.

And then, so well had she schooled her woman's heart in concealing its emotions, and so calmly did she meet again her old lover, that he was deceived.

"She loves me no longer. Some one will win and wear, before my very eyes, the pearl I threw carelessly away," and with a sharp pang of regret Paul Denning, weary, sad, and dispirited, left the crowded apartment and wandered into the conservatory.

It was silent there. The white moonlight flooded the portico upon which the low windows of the conservatory opened, and gleamed softly in upon the flowers,

almost subduing by its lustrous light of the many colored lamps which burned there. Aromatic plants and Indian exotics filled the air with delicious perfumes; all was balmy and luxurious as the spice groves of Southern islands; but with no heed for the beauty or fragrance of that flower-wreathed bower, Paul Denning leaned his head against a pillar and gave himself up to moody thoughts.

He would have battered all—his name the honors and wealth his profession were fast pouring in upon him—all, could he but have been transported back into the vanished years, and once more wander with little Mary Derwent beneath that August moonlight and under starlit skies.

The shadow of the past lay heavily on his soul; but oh, how vain was regret. Time passed; he might have been there one or two hours—he took no heed of time, until he heard the rustle of silken robes and a low sigh beside him, and a hand was laid upon his arm. He looked down; the hand was small and white, and sparkling with diamonds—he turned to the owner of that lily hand, her face was magnificently beautiful, but it was not the face which haunted his thoughts. His hostess stood beside him.

"Paul!" she murmured, softly.

"Mrs. Hunter!" he ejaculated, in great surprise at her appearance there.

"Hush! always that cold name. Call me Mattie, as in other days—I have called you Paul," exclaimed the beautiful temptress, her cheek crimsoning with a rich glow, her dark eye seeking his.

"Mattie—Mattie!" he murmured, almost tenderly for a moment, while her siren words fell on his bewildered senses then dropping the hand which had slid into his, he continued coldly, "No, that name is for me to utter no more. Mrs. Hunter: let me conduct you back to your guests!" and he politely proffered his arm.

Mattie Hunter drew back scornfully, turned very pale, and then, going up close to him, with rapid waves of passion and tenderness chasing each other in quick succession over her face, said,

"Paul Denning, you shall hear me! Your coldness kills me. I have waited long—long, but you would not say what your haughtiness compels me now to utter. You may call me bold, unwomanly, anything—I care not—I cannot help it! I must revoke those words which once, in my madness, I uttered to you. Paul, Paul, were you to ask me again the question you then asked, my answer would be far different. You understand me, Paul?" and the passionate woman grasped his hands tightly and gazed into his eyes.

Denning listened with mingled sensations of surprise, scorn, and pity; surprise that the worldly woman could feel so deeply, and so far subdue her pride as to plead for that affection she had once cast from her—scorn for the mercenary spirit which had swayed her in his rejection—and pity, for he had no love.

"Mrs. Hunter," and he spoke calmly "this is strange language—words I never expected to hear from you. Once they would have moved me strangely, filled my heart with wild joy, but now I will not deceive you—I do not love you."

With a groan of anguish the humiliated woman buried her face in her hands.

"Scorned, despised, and I have betrayed myself! The themes for laughs and jeers—that I should so far forget my pride as to plead for a love which is denied me!"

"Nay, not so!" said Denning, gently, kindly, for his heart was touched. Your secret shall remain locked in my keeping as safely as if it had never been spoken. I too have nothing to boast over, to glory in. The memory of this interview let us bury in the past; let us be friends. Mrs. Hunter, I give you my hand on it."

She seized the proffered hand, covered it with tearful kisses, then turned away. Again she came back, and looking earnestly into his face, said in a low voice quivering with intense emotion.

"Paul Denning, you are the soul of honor! I do not deserve your love, nor even your kindness, since it was my own pride which ruined my happiness. I go again to the world, yet, ere I go thither, tell me, do you love another?"

Trembling, and awaiting his reply, as though her very existence hung upon it, she clung to his arm.

There was a long, long pause. Should he tell her all—of that earliest, best love which was neglected when her fascinations held his heart in thrall, but, when the spell was over, had claimed him to his old allegiance?—and how, even then, his heart kept a sad, despairing vigil at the altar whose shrine was broken, and whose fire his own hand had quenched? Could he reveal all?

After a little the struggle was over; he repeated the story of his olden love; and when he said, by way of conclusion, "I know not if my memory is cherished now with the slightest regard—but this much I do know, I shall never love any other on earth than her whom in yonder room I met to-night as a stranger." When he had ended, the miserable woman beside

him only bowed her head and murmured, "May heaven pity us both, Paul Denning!"

They saw not then—they had not seen all the while—the figure of a weary woman, who, weakened by the glare and pressure of the crowded rooms, and the combat between awakened love and pride going on in her own heart, had stolen away to the quiet of the flower-room before her hostess had entered there, and who now sat trembling on a couch in a little concealed alcove; nor could they mark the alternate shades of despair, hope, joy, which went over her white face like ripples over still water, when Paul Denning's words fell on her ears.

But when the transition from doubt to perfect faith was once more gained, and she uttered a quick, convulsive, glad cry of joy—such a cry as the bird gives when he bursts his prison cage—such a cry as the glad waters send up when they gush through the flaming outlet—such a cry as a heart can give which has loved and suffered, and is suddenly made strong again—when they heard that cry, and turned to where she sat pallid with excess of happiness, then Paul Denning and Mrs. Hunter knew that the old love had not been in vain!

For Mary Derwent stood close beside him!

And then the once proud, but now humbled Mattie Hunter, with a generous impulse, took the hand of the pale trembler, and joining it with Paul Denning's, and speaking no word, led them thus.

The mute union did for the estranged lovers what years of pride and coldness could not have done.

There were two hearts that night which mingled in one silent stream of love and happiness; and one, a sorrow-freighted barge, which sailed forth in cold and hollow pomp upon the sea of worldly pride and fashion—and through all time still glided on, oh! how utterly desolate and alone. The coquette had received her punishment.

GENES.

Man—A bubble on the ocean's rolling wave.

Life—A gleam of light extinguished by the grave.

Wealth—A source of trouble and consuming care.

Love—A morning stream whose memory gilds the day.

Faith—An anchor dropped beyond the vale of death.

Charity—A stream meandering from the fount of love.

Genius—A plant, whose growth you cannot stop without destroying it.

The old man was toiling through the burden and heat of the day in cultivating his fields with his own hand, and depositing the promising seed into the faithful lay of yielding earth. Suddenly there stood before him under the shade of a huge linden tree, a vision. The old man was struck with amazement.

"I am Solomon," spoke the phantom, in a friendly voice. "What are you doing here, old man?"

"If you are Solomon, replied the venerable laborer, how can you ask this? In my youth you sent me to the ant; I saw its occupation, and learned from that insect to be industrious and to gather. What I then learned I have followed out to this hour."

"You have only learned half your lesson," replied the spirit. "Go again to the ant, and learn from that insect to rest in the winter of your life, and enjoy what you have gathered up."

HORRIBLE TRAGEDY.—At Ballinrobe, in Galway, Ireland, the wife of a farmer named Magrath left her two little children while she went to bring a kettle of hot water to scald the churn she was about to use for making butter. The oldest child meantime forced the baby into the churn, and the mother unwittingly scalded it to death. Rendered frantic at the discovery, she threw a stool at the other child, which killed it, and then drowned herself.

METHODIST.—No small degree of excitement prevails among the Methodists of our city in consequence of the action of the members of Sobon Chapel who have withdrawn from the control of the Conference, and organized themselves into an independent body. This was brought about by Bishop Early removing Rev. Mr. Smiley to another station—Louisville Times.

We are filled with the life of heaven just as far as we are emptied of our